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**New Ulm Review**

Wednesday, July 6, 1904.

If the Journal were as well advised as it might be it would know that the "street force" to which it refers was brought in supposedly to vote for the so-called Dunn faction. If, for any reason, they saw best to get on the band wagon the fact is chargeable only to them.

Brown county can lay no criticism upon the delegates sent to the state convention because of non-attendance. Without exception they were present at every session and voted, each for himself, on every question before the house. Mr. Peterson acted as chairman and no criticism can be made on the way he expressed the wishes of his delegation.

The Brown County Journal gives a very fair write-up of the county convention but goes out of its way to throw some slurs and insinuations into the camp of the Collins supporters. There is no need of and no call for it. Mr. Liesch shows poor taste in the matter as it demonstrates but one fact and that is that he is extremely sore because he was not on the Brown county band wagon.

Louis G. Vogel was the recipient of many complimentary remarks by his friends in the convention, who called on him at his room in the Windsor, smoked his cigars and wished him well but failed to make good with their votes. There was some excuse for the light vote he got. Because of the lateness of the hour the delegates were anxious to close the vote as soon as possible and wanted to do away with a contest, consequently many who would otherwise have given Mr. Vogel votes made their delegations solid for the man they expected would win. Blue Earth county gave him a handsome vote and did good work for him. It is too bad the test of popularity could not have been made at a time when the convention was in better humor.

Al-ki Dandruff Cure does the work. 50c. All druggists. Dec. 10.

## THE STATE CONVENTION.

The St. Paul Pioneer Press of a week ago had in it a cartoon, that more clearly illustrates the controlling influences which brought about the nomination of Mr. Dunn for governor, than anything else. It is likenesses of Collins carrying a female labeled "the city delegations" and of Dunn carrying "the country delegations" and the expostulation from the city delegations: "Go away, you are not nice enough for us."

That is the secret of the whole matter. It is the election of a country-bred man over one whose life is cut out of finer cloth and more refinement than the other. Bob Dunn is the product of his own energies and Irish tenacity. He is not such as would lead the cotillion in a fancy ball or dignify a reception of millionaires. He is plain, terse and outspoken, saying what he means and meaning what he says.

The country saw its opportunity to elect a man who like themselves knows the value of manual labor and the reward that lies in earning bread by the sweat of the brow. This fact more than any other one thing led them to grasp the opportunity presented by the Hennepin county strife to seat men in the convention whom they knew would support their man. It is a victory of the country delegates over the city delegates and a determination on their part not to allow the city to dictate.

It is clear that the vote on the minority report of the committee on credentials, resulted as the minority expected it would and that it was a vote on the preference of the balance of the convention for candidate for governor, rather than on the merits of the question as to which of the contending factions were entitled to sit in the convention.

It is to the credit of those in whose hands was given the management of the convention, that out of the threatened discord and disruption came harmony. It is a remarkable thing that so bitter and personal political enemies could come together and adjust their differences to such an extent and in such a way that the utmost good will prevails and what threatened at one time to disrupt the party was made the means of uniting it more strongly.

Too much praise cannot be given to Senator Clapp for the able, impartial and dignified manner in which he presided. At all times calm and ever in control of himself, the questions at issue and of the large convention, he adjourned it with a stronger hold on the people of the state of Minnesota than he has had at any previous time. He made an ideal chairman.

Hon. S. D. Peterson appeared to be among the most recognized men at the state convention and was consulted by many. He was present at all the sessions and gave the closest attention to all the proceedings.

The resolutions adopted by the state convention should be read by all. They are a clear, concise and able expression of the attitude of the party and the measures it will adopt in furthering its policies for the coming campaign. As a campaign document it has much to commend it.

The New Ulm Review which, previous to the convention, was for Collins, can say with just so much favor and with equal pride, that it is for the election of Robert C. Dunn. If Mr. Dunn abides by the platform of the party he represents, as he says he will do, nothing more can be wanted or expected of him.

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# By a Trick Of Fate

By Izola L. Forrester

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Since daybreak there had been no change in the ceaseless lurching of the yacht or the dull roar of the waves as they swept in long, heavy seas over its sides.

Twice Katherine had tried to leave her stateroom and reach the cabin and had been forced back. Once the white faced stewardess had come to her door. There was no immediate danger, she assured her. They would be notified at once if there were. If she was nervous, Mr. Hetherington said he would come to her. And Katherine had sent back word that she was not at all nervous, and Mr. Hetherington need not trouble himself at all about her.

When the girl had gone, she had thrown herself on the couch and given full vent to the terror that had haunted her all night long. She was afraid, afraid with her whole heart, of the great, lashing, hungry sea, that tossed and played with the yacht like some huge monster with its helpless prey and threatened every moment to hurl it down to death.

If Hetherington had been with her, if they two could have faced eternity in each other's arms, with the old love strengthening them, she would have known no fear. But as it was, a wild, unreasoning, childish terror made her tremble at every crashing wave, and she longed for even a sight of his face before the end should have swept them irrevocably apart.

The week at sea had passed like a troubled dream. They were to have made harbor the previous morning, and the storm had driven them off the course down the southern French coast. By this time she had thought everything would have been over—the brief, tearless parting with Hetherington, the meeting with her mother in Paris and the trip to Berbec.

Dear, lovely, lonely little Berbec up on the Normandy coast! The two summers she had spent there, in old Martigny's classes, had been the happiest of her life. She loved even the memory of the crescent shore line, with the old boats drawn up on the sand and the nets drying in the sunlight and the brown skinned fisher boys and girls gossiping over their baskets of silvery scaled fish.

It had all been arranged and settled so decently, as Hetherington said. There had never been any open quarrels between them for the servants and public to gossip over, merely a quiet, courteous antagonism which required no explanation. The marriage had not been voluntary.

"It was the blessed, stupid mothers," Katherine said with gay cynicism at their last interview. "We're not the kind who settle down, Bruce, and be married and then do nothing but give house parties and dinner parties and yachting parties and all the rest of it. You were rich and nobody in particular, and I was poor and a Lorimer, and the wise little mothers simply saw a chance to found a dynasty of mutual benefit, and we drifted until they landed us under the orange blossoms. It is a little tangle of fate's skeins. We can't go back and untangle it, but we can do the Alexander trick and cut it."

He had agreed to the separation too readily, she thought. Even acknowledging perfect indifference on both sides, a little hesitancy would have been desirable. He had almost seemed cheerful when he had asked her what she intended doing at Berbec.

"You haven't the ghost of a right to ask me," she had told him, "but there is nothing to conceal. Martigny keeps up his summer classes still. You know I studied under him there and in Paris, too, when we were poor, before"—She hesitated and went on with a light touch of bitterness—"before I was the fortunate Mrs. Hetherington. There is certain to be some of the old class left, and I can rest and study."

"And be happy," continued Hetherington. She had not answered.

She felt that he could not understand how she longed for the old quiet life away from the world. It was at Berbec he had first met her. Young and handsome, he had come to the little fishing hamlet on a yachting cruise and, with all the confidence of new riches, had expected to enter the little exclusive art and social coterie that gathered there. It had been her favor that had won him the entree, and before the ivy that clambered on old Martigny's garden wall had turned to crimson they were engaged.

It was not until after the wedding in Paris at Eastertide that Katherine had realized how the world, her world, was smiling at her in polite amusement. It was so palpably a mariage de convenance. Not a breath of the sweetness of the wooing at quaint Berbec had reached it. It was merely that Kitty Lorimer had married Bruce Hetherington for his money, and all the host of nouveau riche Hetheringtons were to sweep into society under the shadow of the Lorimer wings.

And the knowledge of the world's judgment of them had bred a vague, mutual distrust, a fear born of love and pride that the other one might give credence to the world's rumor. After that the drifting apart had been swift, and the end had come deliberately. She had wished to spend the summer at Berbec alone. He had refused positively to permit it. If she went against his wishes, he would consider it final. Before she had fully realized what it meant she had tossed back her answer. It was final then. She would go to Berbec. The following week they had sailed for France.

A sudden, sharp rapping on her stateroom door startled her. She caught her breath as she rose unsteadily and clung for support to the side of the berth. The moment of danger had come, and they had sent for her. Not Hetherington, she knew. Until she called for him he would meet even death without a word. But if she could call, if there was only yet time, only a moment of grace, to reach him and tell him it was all a miserable mistake of pride, that she loved him with all her heart and wanted his presence with her now at the supreme moment when all the world had fallen away to nothingness, and there was only the mystery of eternity before her and his love to bear her on. The rapping sounded heavier and more imperative.

"Kit! Let me in!"

It was Hetherington's voice. She turned the lock with steady fingers, a sudden peace strengthening her. He paused in the doorway, tall and dark and storm beaten in his dripping oilskins, his face white and grim as he looked down at her.

"Has it come, dear?" she asked, lifting her face to him. "I'm not afraid—with you."

He caught her to him closely and pressed his lips to hers with hungry intensity.

"Not afraid in death, Kit," he said bitterly. "Then why in life?"

She closed her eyes and shrank closer to him. Death had become a friend to be met with smiling eyes and welcoming happiness. As Hetherington raised his head she waited, expectantly. The lurching and groaning had stopped. She wondered if they were sinking and tightened the clasp of her arms about his neck as she smiled up at him.

"How dear death is together!" she said softly. "I'm not one bit afraid."

His eyes lighted with sudden comprehension, and he stood back, loosening her arms.

"The danger is past," he said. "I came to tell you we had made the harbor at St. Hilaire. You can reach Paris by evening."

For an instant she hesitated in the revulsion of thought, then held out her arms longingly.

"Not alone," she said; "not alone now, sweetheart. I am afraid in life, too, alone."

### Did Him Good.

A provincial clergyman during his sermon caught sight of a member of his congregation wearing a very worried look. Suddenly the man's face brightened, and during the remainder of the service his appearance betokened a perfect freedom from care.

"I am pleased to think, William," remarked the clergyman after the service, "that my words helped you somewhat this morning. I noticed during my discourse that your face lit up and the sunshine of smiles chased the clouds of worry away. Now, what portion of my sermon appealed so strong to you, eh?"

"To tell the truth, sir," replied William, "I wasn't payin' so much attention to your preachin' as I ought to hev done; I was balancin' up the week's cash in my mind and found myself two and threepence short. I worried and worried about that money, but couldn't fit it in no how.

"Then I happened to catch a word or two of what you said about the preparations that man made for his prodigal son, and it came into my mind like a flash of lightnin' that I'd spent two and threepence for a new horsewhip to give my boy Jim a thunderin' good hidin'. It's wonderful, as you say, sir, what help a chance word may be. Good mornin', sir."

### The Lesson of Epictetus.

"If we cannot be happy," says Sir John Lubbock, "the fault is generally in ourselves. Epictetus was a poor slave, and yet how much we owe to him! 'How possible,' he says, 'that a man who has nothing, who is naked, houseless, without a hearth, squalid, without a slave, without a city, can pass a life that flows easily! See; God has sent you a man to show you that it is possible. Look at me, who am without a city, without a house, without possessions, without a slave. I sleep on the ground. I have no wife, no children, no praetorium, but only the earth and the heavens, and one poor cloak. And what do I want? Am I not without sorrow? Am I not without fear? When did any of you see me failing in the object of my desire or ever falling into that which I would avoid? Did I ever blame God or man? Did I ever accuse any man? Did any of you ever see me with a sorrowful countenance? And how do I meet with those whom you are afraid of and admire? Do I not treat them as slaves? Who, when he sees me, does not think that he sees his king and his master?'"

### The Two Pairs of Fetters.

Some years ago a fierce war waged in India between the English and Tippoo Sahib. On one occasion several English officers were taken prisoners. Among them was one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to be put on each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded and was suffering from pain and weakness. A gray haired officer said to the native official:

"You will not think of putting chains upon that wounded man?"

"There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn."

"Then," said the noble officer, "put two pairs on me. I will wear his as well as my own."

This was done. Strange to say, Baird lived to regain his freedom—lived to take the city—but his noble friend died in prison.

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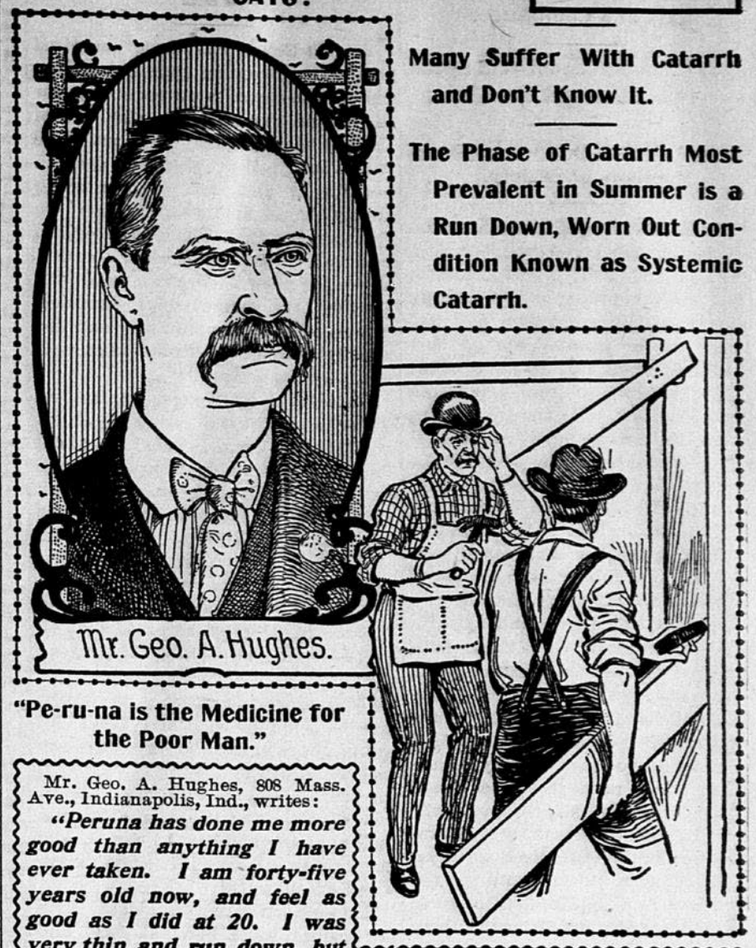

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